

ARCHWAY OF HISTORY

THE Prime Minister has expressed a wish that when the new House of Commons is built the archway into the Chamber from the inner lobby shall be preserved within it—in his picturesque words “as a monument of the ordeal which Westminster has passed through in this great war, and as a reminder to those who will come centuries after us, that they may look back from time to time upon their forebears who held the bridge in the brave days of old.”

This arch would be a gesture to the future, and a reminder of the imperishable place which the House of Commons holds in the nation's life. It is the last fragment of the debating chamber destroyed on the night of May 11, 1941. Through it have passed generations of British statesmen. Here members have stood and talked on the threshold of the House, or bowed to Mr Speaker as in his little procession he has walked to the chair—symbol of free speech, free inquiry, and open debate in a true democracy.

A Living, Guiding Force

No outward destruction of walls could destroy the House of Commons. As an institution it is indestructible as long as the people of Britain know its history, honour its traditions, and believe in it as a living, guiding force. All over Europe free Parliaments have been abolished by the Nazis; but some of them were already feeble and ill-nourished because the people had ceased to believe in their effectiveness, and despaired of their future. Parliamentary government can only live and flourish through the will of the people.

THE arch of history in the new House of Commons would be an undying symbol to future generations that in the hour of mortal danger the British people did not falter in their essential beliefs. They continued to assert the supremacy of the people's government and the place of free and responsible speech and criticism. They continued to practise those beliefs for which they were fighting alone against tyrannies. The arch would be a token that, though outwardly destroyed, the home of freedom remained alive and vigorous, and that above the smoke and blackened ruins men

still believed in the final victory of truth and righteousness.

THIS arch of history standing at the entrance to a House dedicated to the rights of the people would be an everlasting reminder of days when liberty was preserved by sacrifice and blood. It would be a reminder to all future members of the House of Commons that easy speeches do not make a great people, nor soothing words call out the finest mettle within them. The people need the truth, however unpalatable it may be, because it is only upon the truth that great decisions, great deeds, and great hopes can rest.

A Token and a Pledge

Liberty has been bought and preserved at a high price, and in the payment of that price every citizen of the British Commonwealth of Nations has taken a share; and, symbolically, underneath this archway of history every citizen stands, with all the procession of events behind him, and before him the unknown years when faith and fortitude will be just as vital to our national life. This arch is both a token of the past and a pledge for the future.

The arch bears the scars of the night of May 11, 1941, when fire and death raged round it, scars inflicted by an enemy who had sworn destruction to all the beliefs and creeds associated with the House of Commons. Such scars this generation will always carry, even though time may heal them.

THIS is the significance of the arch which the new House of Commons may enshrine in its fabric. The arch becomes not merely a monument of the past and of the valour of Britain's “finest hour,” but a promise to the future. Leaders of Britain passing beneath it would be reminded of what one generation endured in order that others might live freely. Future controversies—however bitter—would be conducted in the knowledge that men of all parties fought and died for liberty as brothers in a common cause. This arch of history would never allow anyone to forget that Britain, in her finest hour, fought on to live as a free nation rather than become a slave state.

RUSSIA FINDS HER OWN DIAMONDS

SINCE the war began diamond production in Soviet Russia has totalled more than in the previous 110 years. Last year 20 times as many were found as in the “record” year of 1941.

We may be sure that Russia's diamonds are for use rather than adornment. Vitally important to the steel industry on account of their hardness, industrial diamonds are in immense demand all over the world. We are, perhaps, inclined to think of South Africa as the chief centre of diamond production, but the actual volume produced in the Union before the war was much smaller than that of the Gold Coast or the Congo. In those countries diamond production was almost entirely for industry, and the smallest diamonds, not worth mining in South Africa, were just as eagerly gathered in as the gems. Pre-war diamond-mining in the Union was for the gem trade, but it is not so now. Industrial diamonds form at least half the product of the South African mines today, and have ensured

the industry a new prosperity. Tsarist Russia was a great market for gem-diamonds. The Imperial and Grand Ducal families, the nobles, the merchants, all were customers for the diamonds of South Africa, India, and Brazil. Russia's own diamond mines were largely ignored, for it was unlikely that they would produce any Koh-i-noors. Yet it is interesting to recall that when the great meteorite fell in

1886 near Novo-Urei, in South-East Russia, scientists found that it contained about one per cent of diamond-yielding material.

Today diamonds are essential for the mighty heavy industries of the U.S.S.R. Russia's first diamonds were discovered in the Urals in 1829, not far from what is now one of the Soviet's greatest iron-mining centres. The search has continued during this war and has produced 19 new deposits.

The Dog With an SOS

THE responsiveness of dogs to kindness is well illustrated in this story from Devon.

In a lonely dwelling in the woods, a woman upset a kettle of boiling water, severely scalding her legs and feet.

There was no one in the cottage to attend to her, no neighbours near, no one to fetch help, only her faithful companion, a spaniel.

It was to the dog she turned in her distress.

She wrote a few messages and tied them to him. Off he dashed,

straight for a farm some distance away, where the messages were received by the farmer. “SOS. Help wanted. Harley Cottage,” the farmer read. “Phone the doctor. Urgent.”

The farmer lost no time. He telephoned the doctor and before long the woman was removed to hospital. And although she died some days later, no one can tell how long she might have remained in that isolated cottage, unattended and in pain, but for that trusty little servant who so promptly delivered the messages.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3d

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 4d
No 1352

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Mail Plane

The nose of this giant Avro Lancastrian air liner opens to receive its load of mail bags. The plane is the civil version of the Lancaster bomber, and it carries nine passengers, has a range of 4150 miles and cruises at 265 m.p.h. It will take mail and passengers to Australia when that service is reopened.

HEROISM UNTO DEATH

ANOTHER heroic tale of a missionary's bravery in the Pacific has reached Britain. It tells the story of the Revd Vivian Redlich of the Anglican New Guinea Mission.

Mr Redlich came from Little Bowden, near Market Harborough, and had been working on the north-east coast of New Guinea. A report says that Mr Redlich and eight other missionaries, including Mr Redlich's fiancée, refused to leave their people in the Buna area when the Japanese came.

He helped to land stores from the mission boat and concealed them in the bush. He spoke of the struggle he had with himself when he was offered a chance of escape in the boat and with sinking heart watched the boat sail out of the bay.

One of his last acts was to arrange a service for the people

in the jungle. An observer says, “The dense silence of the jungle was broken only by the sound of the priest's voice praying for his people. Then came the rustle of movement as those bare brown feet moved near the altar at the time of Communion. He who was about to go down to his own bitter Gethsemane and Passion offered up for the last time before the throne of God for his people the saving Sacrifice of Christ. As the Sacrifice of Christ had its justification on Easter morning, so, too, in God's own time, will the sacrifice of His loyal and devoted priest.”

The last act came when the Japanese attacked the mission premises and took Mr Redlich out and executed him on the beach. He died because he remained true to his trust and he will be remembered as a brave man “strong in the faith.”

BRITONS, KNOW YOUR EMPIRE!

IN the House of Lords recently there was a timely debate on a subject of vast importance—how to spread knowledge of the British Commonwealth of Nations among its citizens.

Here in Britain we are at the centre of the greatest free association of nations that mankind has ever known, and yet the average person has little knowledge of the many countries, great and small, scattered over the earth, whose peoples are his fellow-citizens, dwelling under the same flag, and giving allegiance to the same political and moral principles.

We must in the main agree with Lord Elton, who declared: "There is a complete ignorance in every class and at every educational level as to the character and achievements of the British Empire and Commonwealth"; and with Lord Winster, who said, "There is an amazing ignorance in Britain about the Colonies and Dominions which must be depressing and astonishing to the men who have come here to fight for us." Lord Hailey also commented that we do not appreciate what India can contribute in culture and civilisation to Europe, and that he found resentment among Indians at our ignorance.

What the peers said is, unhappily, only too true. And yet as one or two of them pointed out, the British public is more and more showing interest in the Empire. But our Empire is wide-flung and it is difficult for anyone who has never left these shores to gain an impression of its extent. How is knowledge about it to be spread?

Lord Cranborne, Leader of the

House, spoke wisely when he said: "Britain must realise that the Empire is not merely a number of patches coloured red on the map, but a family of countries."

The peers urged that information about the Empire must be given in a manner that will enable us to get a real picture of the character and lives of our fellow citizens in the sister States and not, as Lord Cranborne put it, "in purely academic discussions festooned with statistics" which would only bore people and lead them "to switch off the wireless."

The peers were anxious for the present Empire Information Service to be continued after the war, and they appealed to the newspapers to devote more space to British Commonwealth affairs and to send first-class representatives to the capital cities of the Dominions and the Colonies. They want films and the wireless to be used to help us to get to know the other peoples of the Empire. Above all, they stressed the necessity for a Central Organisation, not only to give us in Britain information about the Empire, but also to inform people throughout the Commonwealth about each other and about Britain's aims and history.

Lord Cranborne's warning was impressive. For British citizens, he said, "The Empire should not be merely a name, but a reality, otherwise it will not endure."

Science as Benefactor and Menace

PROFESSOR A. V. HILL, M.P., Secretary of the Royal Society, has made a report on the position of scientific research and teaching in India. He urges the setting up of an Indian Scientific Office in London, with specialists in agriculture, engineering, defence, industry, and medicine. Professor Hill says that, with the great natural resources which India possesses, scientific research and technical development in industry must be kept well ahead. He recommends the establishment in India of a central scientific academy like

the Royal Society in London. Professor Hill has also been in the news on another matter. He has told the Royal Empire Society that if we are to avert the disaster which misapplied science can inflict on humanity, there must be an international brotherhood of scientific men, with a high common standard of outlook, who will be determined to prevent and expose any attempt which aims at man's destruction. Professor Hill has thus underlined the warning already given by Sir Henry Dale, President of the Royal Society.

The British Way

THE secret of the success of British military administration in those African lands freed from the enemy emerges from a mass of plain facts contained in a White Paper published by the Stationery Office, price sixpence. These lands freed by forces of the British Commonwealth of Nations include Abyssinia, Italian Somaliland, Eritrea, Cyrenaica, and Tripolitania.

The secret is that every liberated country was dealt with according to the particular circumstances obtaining there. For instance, in Abyssinia the British acted in the name of its Emperor, while elsewhere we went as conquerors because that was the best way of achieving success. In short, we adapted ourselves to local circumstances.

STILL LEADING

WAR Reserve Constable Stead knows more than a little about conducting, for during the past 4½ years not only has he conducted traffic in Manchester, but the Colwyn Bay Municipal Orchestra also.

Now, at 36, he has taken off his policeman's uniform for the last time, to become leader of the BBC Northern Orchestra, for besides being a conductor Mr Stead is a violinist. Hewas trained by Arthur Kaye, "Hallé's violin genius," and played in the Hallé Orchestra for twelve years.

Mr Stead's musical career began when he was only ten. Five years later he was leader of a kinema orchestra in his native Huddersfield, and at 20 he was leader of Whitby Municipal Orchestra.

The Red Light on the Roads

LAST December there were 12,234 road casualties in Britain, and of these 609 were fatal. During the whole year, 6416 people were killed on our roads—620 more than in 1943. This unhappy increase is thought to be partly due to the greater amount of military traffic on the roads in preparation for D Day.

Of the sad total of 6416 killed, 201 were child cyclists and 984 adult cyclists, 1185 cyclists altogether; this again compares unfavourably with 1069 cyclists killed in 1943.

In a praiseworthy effort to give cyclists greater safety on the roads after the war, the Government has introduced a Bill, which has had its second reading in the Commons and has already passed the House of Lords, enforcing the use by cyclists of a red rear light as well as a red reflector and a white patch.

ALBUMS OF HONOUR

THE craftsmen of Stalingrad have paid a graceful compliment to the British craftsmen who made the Sword of Honour which the King presented to the heroic Soviet city.

They have designed and made, for presentation to their British comrades, 18 albums bound in scarlet silk with a gilt clasp and containing a photographic record of life in Stalingrad before, during, and after the famous siege. Each album was signed by representative citizens of Stalingrad, and was enclosed in a casket of carved walnut, with the name of the recipient engraved on a gilt plate.

The Soviet Ambassador, in presenting these albums, said that they were a token of the growing comradeship in arms of the people of Great Britain and the Soviet Union. He told his audience that Stalingrad was already rising majestically from its ruins.

Better Flats For London

THOUGH there are strong reasons why flats are not desirable for families which include young children, as already pointed out in the C.N., there are admittedly certain special difficulties in London itself which make the immediate erection of some blocks of flats unavoidable.

We are glad to note that the London County Council have decided to include lifts, nurseries, and playgrounds in their large blocks of flats soon to be built in several London districts. Those in Stepney and Poplar alone will cost nearly two and a quarter million pounds.

The amenities proposed will help considerably towards the comfort and well-being of the flat-dwellers. Nevertheless, we hope that the time will come when all families with young children, in city, town, or village, will be able to enjoy the privacy and garden-space which goes with a house, cottage, or bungalow, and not with a flat.

THINGS SEEN

A lupin flower completely encased in ice in a Kent garden.

A robin leading the procession down the aisle of a Kent church.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A WOMAN has been appointed as social welfare adviser in the West Indies in succession to Professor Simey. She is Miss Dora Ibberson.

The Russians are issuing a series of postage stamps in commemoration of Stalingrad.

Mr Alexander Duckham, who died recently, left his country house at Sevenoaks and 200 acres, with £1000 a year for its maintenance, as a home for the children of R.A.F. men killed while flying.

£46,000,000 has been subscribed to the Red Cross compared with £16,500,000 in the last war.

Sixty-four people were rescued by lifeboats in January.

An anonymous donor has presented to the National Trust 140 acres near Coniston Old Man, including Monk Coniston Hall and its grounds.

THE Government have announced that war gratuities totalling £200,000,000 will be paid to Service men and women on demobilisation. Payments previously announced bring the total to £700,000,000.

Australia is to have a set of postage stamps to commemorate the Duke of Gloucester's Governor-Generalship.

Fatal accidents in British mines last year were the fewest on record.

Liberation News Reel

FRENCH forces on the Western Front who had taken a large number of enemy prisoners, found that 100 of the captured men were Poles forced to wear German uniform. The Poles were given rifles and willingly took charge of the rest of the prisoners.

The vast Hermann-Goering metallurgical works in Upper Silesia are working again—this time for the Russians.

Yugo-Slav guerillas recently wrecked a German armoured train carrying over 400 troops.

A BRITISH pilot flying a 100 m.p.h. Auster artillery spotter plane outmanoeuvred a 400 m.p.h. Messerschmitt 109 over the Western Front.

The longest photograph reconnaissance in South-East Asia was made recently by a Mosquito which landed at an Arakan base after having flown 2350 miles. The pilot, Wing-Commander Michael Lowry, and the navigator, Flying-Officer Stevens, were flying high in oxygen masks for nearly eight hours.

Captain Lionel Queripel, reported missing, is the fourth Arnhem V.C. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were soldiers.

Youth News Reel

THE Scout Silver Cross has been awarded to Troop Leader Charles Frederick Wright, of the 12th Lincoln Group, for his courage and endurance in rendering first aid to the crew of a crashed bomber. For three hours during a cold, wet night Troop Leader Wright attended the six airmen.

In Boys' Brigade Week last year 2093 Companies raised £59,360 to further the work of the B.B.

John Summersby, an eleven-year-old Scout of the 11th Slough Troop, rescued an unconscious boy from drowning in the Grand Union Canal.

An elm tree weighing 14 tons was blown down by a gale on a 400 years' old cottage in Essex recently. The ancient rafters supported the weight without breaking.

A British prisoner of war, Major W. R. Henderson, who has had more than one chance of being repatriated, prefers to stay in the prison camp and carry on with his work as a surgeon for the benefit of the other prisoners.

To help to raise £500,000 for rebuilding Southwark's blitzed church schools, children dressed as Shakespeare's characters will march through Southwark on Shakespeare's birthday.

At the national assembly of the Russian Orthodox Church, the Soviet Government representative, M. Karpov, paid a warm tribute to the Church for the part it has played in the war against Hitlerism.

The R.A.F. College at Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, recently celebrated its Silver Jubilee.

A new search-plane called the Privateer, built to replace the Liberator, can range more than 1500 miles from base. Heavily armed, it can fly well over 3000 miles without refuelling.

Post Office authorities state that by printing postage stamps with a lighter background they have saved eight tons of ink in a year.

THE great floating dock at Singapore, salvaged by the Japanese after we sank it in 1942, has again been sunk by Super-Fortresses.

Peenemünde, on the Pomeranian coast of North Germany, where experiments with V weapons are carried out by the Nazis, is in danger of being captured by the advancing Red Army.

Air-Marshal Sir Keith Park has been appointed Air Commander-in-Chief South-East Asia. Formerly he was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Middle East.

An overseas column of the N.F.S. has been sent abroad for fire-fighting duties with the American Army in Western Europe—at the request of Supreme Headquarters.

The British submarine Tally Ho has arrived back at a British port after sinking a Japanese cruiser, a Japanese submarine, and 19 other Japanese vessels.

To train troops for the D Day invasion of Normandy, a complete imitation French village was built of plaster near Ripon, Yorkshire.

Moscow has paid high tribute to the R.A.F. for its raids on Berlin.

Out of forty Montreal Sea Scouts who enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy, 28 are now commissioned officers.

Saskatoon, Canada, has an Exhibition Scout Troop, composed of the city's outstanding Scouts. The Troop recently collected hundreds of thousands of maple seeds to be used by the Provincial Department of Agriculture in its prairie reforestation scheme.

French Boy Scouts have played a big part since Liberation in helping the social services to restore normal conditions in France. Before Liberation the Scouts in many cases fought side by side with the Maquis.



Breakfast in Burma

These two resolute-looking young British airmen are snatching a hasty meal on the RAF's most forward airstrip in Burma. Soon they will be aloft again helping the 14th Army in its attack on Mandalay.

A Brick House Built in Seven Days

To make the parts for a brick house in a factory so that the house itself can be erected in seven days sounds a bit fanciful, but such a house has been built, and has been described by Mr Duncan Sandys, Minister of Works, as the best yet achieved.

The secret of its construction is that the bricks are not laid singly but are previously fixed to concrete slabs in a factory, each slab being faced with 160 bricks. One slab can be made by girl workers in four minutes.

and be placed in position in the house wall in five minutes. All the outside walls of the house can be put up in eight hours by five bricklayers with their labourers. The framework of the roof is made of steel.

This type of house was invented by Mr Howard Smith, managing director of British Steel Construction (Birmingham) Ltd. The speed with which these houses can be made and built will help to provide the homes which will be so urgently needed.

CARELESS ACTION

THOUSANDS of fires are still being caused by careless people, and in Kent during the last six months of 1944 there were 1095 outbreaks.

The chief cause of fire is unextinguished matches and cigarettes, while children playing with fire or electricity start many others.

Safety First must be the slogan at home as well as on the roads.

PRESENT FOR MONTY

THE carpenter's shop at the Farningham Home for Little Boys, Kent, is at the moment a hive of industry with a big secret. For the boys are making a surprise present for their new President, Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery. It will be something very useful, but owing to difficulty in obtaining materials it will probably take six months to complete.

The Field-Marshal has already sent to each of the 400 boys presents in the form of Christmas cards which he had received from all parts of the world. No fewer than 204 of the boys are orphans, 132 of them having lost their fathers at sea.

February the Fourteenth

FEBRUARY 14 this year is distinguished for two reasons. It is Ash Wednesday as well as Saint Valentine's Day.

Ash Wednesday is the first day of Lent, which lasts for forty days (excluding Sundays) and immediately precedes Easter Day. The religious observance of Ash Wednesday dates from the fourth century, and it is so called because it was the day on which the early Church required the strewing of ashes on the head as a sign of penitence. It may be added that Shrove Tuesday,

YOUNG BROADCASTERS

SOME gifted young musicians are to give their own concert in the BBC General Forces Programme on Friday, February 16, from 4.30 till 5 p.m.

The pianist is Daphne Spottiswoode, 14, of Bournemouth, who when she was 12 played in the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. Beryl Done, 14, of Swindon, is the soprano. She has often entertained troops at their camps. Ten-year-old Christopher Letcher, of Ringwood, Hants, will play the flute. Just before Christmas he played in public at the Wigmore Hall, London. Tony Sims is 11, and has won three silver cups and six medals for playing the cornet. He lives at Radstock, near Bath.

Jill Andrews, 15, of Bristol, will introduce the items, and the accompanist is to be Wendy Taunton. The CN wireless, like many others, will be switched on next Friday for the concert by these musical young people of such great promise.

the day before Ash Wednesday, is so called because on that day penitents were shaven, or absolved, after confession of their sins. Also, on that day people feasted before the Lenten Fast, the eating of pancakes being a survival of this practice.

On Saint Valentine's Day it used to be the custom for lovers to send unsigned tokens to each other, and even now a few people send cards anonymously on this day. Saint Valentine is said to have been a Christian priest martyred in the third century.

TIMBER HOMES

MR VAN NORMAN, Canadian expert on prefabricated houses, has been making a tour of Scotland with the intention of finding out what help his country can give in the big post-war housing problem.

Canada could send 10,000 first-class timber houses a year to Scotland — four-roomed houses built to endure for fifty years and costing between £500 or £600. People who wonder how timber houses would stand up to Scotland's climate are reassured by Mr Van Norman's statement that he builds them for areas where there is fifty inches of rainfall yearly, and for Alaska, where temperatures fall as low as thirty degrees below zero.

WITH JAM

A NEW propaganda idea was born recently on the Italian front. It is flying pancakes.

The Italian Fascists skimmed hard dry pancakes into the Canadian lines inscribed: "Try the food on this side. It's lovely."

The Canadians spread jam on them and sent them back labelled with the words: "They are better this way." Then they threw showers of hand grenades.

LIBRARIES ON WHEELS

MANY captured German transport vehicles are now serving as mobile libraries for the British forces.

The credit for this excellent arrangement is due to a British educational officer who appropriated an abandoned enemy bus, fitted it with bookshelves and cupboards, and set out with it to organise an exchange of books between fighting units. This started a big scheme.

What a grand idea this is. "Books are not seldom talisman and spells," wrote the poet Cowper. The literature which our men are now enjoying, thanks to that enterprising educational officer and some German buses, will be helping our gallant warriors to find beauty, romance, and noble thought amid war's horrors.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

THE signature of the greatest gangster the world has ever known is to be preserved in the Imperial War Museum in Lambeth. Since that day in 1938 when Mr Chamberlain brought back Hitler's written guarantee of peace, this famous "scrap of paper" has been carefully preserved. And now it rests in a vault in the country where the museum authorities have sent their books and records.

THE PEOPLE'S VICTORY

DEMOCRACY with a capital D—the word is on everyone's lips. But is adequate understanding of it in everyone's mind? We may well doubt it, and that is why we specially welcome The Struggle for Democracy, the second booklet in the series, Changing Britain, which the University of London Press have issued for Messrs Cadbury.

Presented in graphic form, with excellent pictures and diagrams, it traces the background and development of our system of government and of our social services.

This pictured story of progress over a century and more—of an ever-forward march to Government of the People, by the People, for the People—should be in all schools, a stepping-stone to a wider study of the subject.

The Rich Fields of Britain

WE are now producing more than two-thirds of our food from our own soil. This amazing performance of our farmers and farmworkers was mentioned by Mr Tom Williams, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, in a recent talk.

Mr Williams said also that agriculture in this country provides a living for over a million families, and that the value of agricultural output has been more than doubled during the war years.

A PROMISING YOUNG COMPOSER

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy, Peter Hodgson, of Cranham, Essex, has composed a concerto which the BBC Northern Orchestra broadcast recently in the Children's hour.

Peter is studying at the Royal Academy of Music and has been interested in music for six years. He is the author of many compositions, including a requiem in symphonic form and a tone poem.

Peter's hobby is his model electric railway. Perhaps it is while he drives his train over the points that he gets his musical inspirations. Anyway, it is good and useful to have a hobby which is a complete contrast to our main interest in life.

The CN wishes Peter Hodgson good luck in his musical career and looks forward to further successes from his lyre.

The Primate to London

ON Friday, February 2, the election of Dr Fisher, Bishop of London, as Archbishop of Canterbury was confirmed in a ceremony in the crypt of St Paul's.

We take the following passage from Dr Fisher's farewell message to his diocese of London:

"Just over five years ago I came to you as a stranger, and all of you, clergy and laity, have been very kind to me. And what

Talking about the tasks ahead, Mr Williams said that we should have to turn over more to producing the more nutritious foods such as milk, eggs, and meat; also that, as there would be a world shortage of food when the war is at an end, we must keep up our farm production as the only sure means of feeding our own people, at least until the lands beyond the seas become really productive again. This fact cannot be too often repeated. For some time to come it will be a case of Dig for Victory in Peace.

WELL WORTH WHILE

IT has been estimated that the artificial ports called Mulberries, which were used in Normandy after D Day, saved between 100,000 and 150,000 British and American casualties.

This is indeed a gratifying thought for all those war workers who took part in the production of these remarkable structures.

G I JOE'S SWEET TOOTH

LEASE-LEND is not entirely a matter of guns and ships and planes and other warlike stores, for among the items which Britain supplied to the American Army are the following:

98,000,000 chocolate bars; 80,000,000 packets of biscuits; 38,000,000 packets of chewing gum; 7,000,000 lbs of jam and jellies; 120,000,000 lbs of sugar; 10,000,000 lbs of cocoa.

We wonder how much of this British chewing gum for American soldiers found its way into British mouths in response to small boys' requests, "Got any gum, chum?"



Cosy Corner in Italy

This RAF officer and two Canadian friends themselves built this stone cottage on their airfield in Italy. They collected the material for it from bombed houses nearby. The alternative was wintering in a tent.



Looking Ahead

These American soldiers have made a banner for the great day when they meet the Russians on German soil. Here they are excitedly displaying it in the German town of Brachelen which they have just captured.

GOODENOUGH OF THE ROYAL NAVY

WITH the death of Admiral Sir William Goodenough there passes yet another bearer of a name that will for ever glow in Navy annals.

Quite early in his career, William Goodenough was marked out for leadership, and his half-century of service in the Royal Navy stamped him as one strongly endowed with the national genius for seamanship.

He commanded the R.N. College at Dartmouth; he played a prominent part in the relief of Messina after the earthquake; he commanded the cruiser Cochrane when it escorted King George and Queen Mary to the Durbar at Delhi in 1913; and during the Great War he won honours at the Dogger Bank and Jutland.

Promoted to admiral in 1925, Sir William continued to serve with distinction until 1930. He was a great sailor and proved himself the true son of his father, Commodore James Graham Goodenough, who also, from the day in 1844 when at 14 he entered the Navy, followed a career of continued progress and brilliance.

Like his son, James Goodenough also saw much of the world. In 1848 his ship was off the coast of Africa. Three years later he was sailing down the coast of South America. Another three years and his ship was doing service in the Baltic. Yet another three saw him shipwrecked near Macao.

In 1862 he was off to America to inquire into the progress of armaments used in the Civil War. In 1870 the Franco-Prussian War claimed his attention, and he turned up in Sedan working for a French Peasant Relief Fund. There was no telling where such a colourful career would end; but it was to come all too soon, and suddenly.

In May, 1873, James Goodenough became Commodore of the Australian station, having voyaged from England in a wooden ship fitted with steam and sails. He soon started on a round of visits of the islands of his far-flung station. It was August, 1875, when he landed on Santa Cruz with a few men. He thought the natives were his friends, and he was sitting chatting with them when an arrow struck him in the side. It was the story of Captain Cook over again. More treacherous shots followed, and six of his men were also wounded before they could get back to their boat.

Suspecting that the arrows might be poisoned, Goodenough steered to the cooler south, but eight days later, before the ship was within 500 miles of Sydney, two men had died and the Commodore knew his time was near. He lay on the quarterdeck while one, by one his officers filed past him for a last handshake. His body was taken ashore at Sydney, and there they buried him.

Behind the Castle Walls

BOLSOVER CASTLE, in Derbyshire, has been given by the Duke of Portland to His Majesty's Office of Works. Thus passes into the keeping of the nation an historic pile which has for centuries dominated the landscape for many miles around.

The original Norman castle had long been a ruin when Sir Charles Cavendish, son of Bess of Hardwick, came into possession of it about 1613 and proceeded to rebuild. On the site of the Norman keep he built the square and lofty house which still stands complete, impressive with its corner turrets and tower; and along the natural terrace beyond he and his son, Sir William Cavendish, raised

the splendid range whose former glory is yet reflected by the roofless walls.

It was this Sir William Cavendish who three times received King Charles and Queen Henrietta at Bolsover Castle, and entertained them right royally. He it was who garrisoned Bolsover Castle for the King and was made general of the Northern Army. He it was, who, though he fought bravely, lost at Marston Moor, and fled to the Continent. And this same Sir William it was who returned to England on the Restoration of Charles the Second, the poorer for his loyalty, it is said, by a million pounds, and with his castle more or less a ruin.

The Lake on the Hilltop

WINTERS are usually mild in Cornwall, but at the end of January Arctic conditions were shared with other parts of the country, and even the great Dozmary Pool on Bodmin Moor—only "mountain lake" in the county—was frozen over. Dozmary is one of the wonders of the West, and no one can truly say he has seen Cornwall unless he has tramped the breezy hinterland to this sheet of water.

Nothing much to see, just a big pool, 1½ miles in circumference and only four or five feet in greatest depth, set in the heart of bleak and lonely moorland, yet an air of mystery always seems to brood over the untroubled waters and hardly a visitor comes away without being impressed by the unutterable silence, the solitude, and the witchery of it all.

Dozmary always shows the same level of water. How it is fed and how it manages to keep so shallow was a puzzle even to Carew, the Cornish historian, who wrote of it:

*More than a mile about
No streams it empt, nor any fill.*

It is probable that this mimic sea on the Cornish roof is replenished by water which drains out of the surrounding bogs.

King Arthur's Sword

Once, 75 years ago, the great depression was perfectly dry! Scores of people came from miles around to see something they had never seen before and no one has beheld since. The culprit was an enterprising moorman. His own water-power for working his machinery having failed, he took the liberty of cutting a channel from Dozmary to his premises.

Of the many legends associated with Dozmary, one tells of Tregagle, an old Cornish giant, being condemned by the Evil One to empty the pool with a limpet shell! The story which fires the imagination most, however, is of King Arthur and the magic sword Excalibur. Sir Thomas Malory in his Arthurian legends is said to have had Dozmary in mind when he wrote of Arthur seeing an arm, holding a scabbard sword, suddenly appear in the centre of a lake.

For many years this romantic and legendary spot was the scene of Cornwall's big tea-party. Always, near Midsummer Day, hundreds of people made the pilgrimage to the shores of Dozmary, there to regale themselves with saffron cake and tuffs, lavishly spread with golden butter fresh from the dairy.

Suspended during the war, this picturesque glimpse of Merrie England will surely come again.

WORLD JAMBOREE

FOR Boy Scouts all over the globe the World Jamboree used to be a great event. But Germany's challenge to Freedom stopped it, for a time.

It has been announced that the sixth World Jamboree will take place near Paris within six months of the end of the war in Europe. Let us hope that this will not be long delayed. Then the Scout movement can follow up its good war work by teaching the world's youth how to live and behave in times of peace.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

A Charter of Human Rights

LORD TEMPLEWOOD has suggested the setting up, after the war, of a Commission of Human Rights, authorised to draw up a Charter. This, he suggests, should begin with a declaration of the simple human rights to which every man, woman, and child in every country should be entitled, particularly freedom of religious thought, an equal system of justice and a measure of freedom of discussion. He thinks it should be a part of the Social and Economic Council contemplated by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference.

Here, if ever there was one, is a grand conception of universal human liberty. To translate words into reality will be no easy task, but it can be done, in time.

A Wish in Season

OH! to be in Africa now that winter's here! Such a reflection is prompted by a letter from a kindly South African reader of the C.N., Martha Krige.

I wish I could put you all down in our Hot Karoo, she writes, under the fruit trees, for a month's holiday or more. There are only early peaches now, but soon our apricots will begin to plo-p-p down from our huge, very old spreading apricot trees, and on a still day each plo-p-p-p sounds just Keats's Ode to Autumn.

Well, as we write, it is a grey c-c-c-old wintry day in London, and there can be few people here who would not wish to be transplanted to the Hot Karoo. Meanwhile, we have to remember that there is much for English folk to be thankful for, and content ourselves with basking in the warm sunshine of such felicitous remembrance.

CARRY ON

Sir Walter Scott's Praise of the Dog

THE Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit.

He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood.

You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take his life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

So Shalt Thou Become

WHAT'ER thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
As God, if thou lovest God;
As dust, if thou lovest dust.

Angelus Silesius,
17th-century writer

KING CHARLES

IN the matter of King Charles the First the B.B.C. has proved incorrigible.

Eleven years after his first biased dramatisation of history Mr. Peter Creswell has revived in The King's Tryall the radio play he so brilliantly produced in 1934. We have read again our criticism and Arthur Mee's leading article in the C.N. on that first performance, and both hold good for the new version, though the author claims that he has expunged inaccuracies.

A playwright is, of course, quite entitled to give his own viewpoint in a work of art, but

A New Hope For the

SOME British farmers are visiting New Zealand, and their leader, Mr. Turner, has proposed a conference in London next October to consider forming an international federation of farmers. The New Zealand farmers have promised to send delegates to the conference.

Their Premier, Mr. Fraser, too, has paid a handsome tribute to British agriculture which, he said, had a record that had never

Under the E

PEOPLE are buying mattress - cover materials for making clothes. Spring coats?

WE want faster but safer roads. They will all run to different places.

A MAN says he would not give a penny for a valuable picture. He would not get it if he did.

TAKE no notice of German words, says a writer. Many people don't understand them anyway.

PETER WANTS KING



What ails before?

Charles Lamb,

AND as round mountain tops the lightning plays, Thus innocently sported, breaking forth As from a cloud of some grave sympathy, Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all The vivid flashes of his spoken words.

From the most gentle creature nursed in fields Had been derived the name he bore—a name Wherever Christian altars have been raised, Hallowed to meekness and to innocence; And if in him meekness at times gave way,

THE DAILY RECORD

LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting Sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

John Ruskin

S'S HEAD

When he tried to confound the on of his critics in a full page of the Radio Times, Mr Swell must be answered.

Far more authoritative pens than ours have already done this, we will be content with quoting Arthur Mee's summing up:

"Until the time of Charles Kings' alone had possessed the right to burn and behead illustrious victims; he had the misfortune to learn that, as a nation may lie at the mercy of an unjust king, an unjust king may lie at the mercy of his outraged people."

World's Farming

When he tried to confound the on of his critics in a full page of the Radio Times, Mr Swell must be answered.

The idea of an international federation is excellent, for farming is a world problem.

Editor's Table

UCK
TO

A CERTAIN M P is never seen without a stiff collar. Better than a stiff neck.

A NEW hat is called the Water Lily. Suitable for wet weather.

A MACKEREL sky is said to mean variable weather. There is probably a catch in it.

THERE are several new shades for the spring, says a fashion writer. Sunshades, we hope.

Wordsworth

Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
any and strange, that hung about his life;
still, at the centre of his being,
lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if too often, self-reproached,
he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
power that never ceased to abide in him,
harmony, mid the multitude of sins
that she can cover, left not his exposed
to an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
he was good; if e'er a good Man lived!

DEEDS, NOT YEARS

Live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,
feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs: he most lives
who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Philip James Bailey

The Great Thaw?

DURING the recent cold spell members of Oxford Rotary Club sat in their overcoats while listening to a lecture on New Uses of Refrigeration.

With listeners giving such rapt attention we feel sure the speaker warmed to his subject, with, we hope, a beneficial effect on his audience.

Plea For Plumbing

WHEN Mr George Strauss asked in Parliament the other day, "Is it not possible to build a decent modern house so that the pipes would be inside?" he voiced the thoughts of tens of thousands of householders.

Winter after winter they wage a losing battle against frost. Fathers grow weary climbing into bitterly cold lofts to free tanks and pipes from ice. Mothers grow weary of mopping up water from burst pipes. And everybody grows more than weary trying to get a plumber in.

To many a householder it seems that the builder, instead of giving shelter to water pipes, just looks round and decides on a nice exposed position for them on the north wall. Is it too much to hope that the millions of new houses to be built will have all the plumbing sheltered from winter's icy blasts?

PEP TALK

At a Trade Association meeting at Folkestone a letter was received from a confectioner apologising for his absence. With the letter he sent a tin of strong peppermint and cinnamon sweets with a message that if he could not be with his friends in person he would be with them "in smell"!

Did he think they needed "pepping up" in his absence?

JUST AN IDEA

Solitude is the natural home of all true thought.

Why We Laugh and Weep

MAN is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. *Hae-litt*

ON TIME'S EVENTFUL SEA

SEE how, beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
Then, murmuring, subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

Thomas Moore

Society's Right Foundation

SOCIETY becomes impossible if it is not founded on respect of authority by the people and on respect of the people by authority.

Lacordaire

For the Men of the Merchant Navy

UNTIL recently, little attention was given to the welfare of merchant seamen ashore in British ports. Then, to their great credit, voluntary bodies established hostels and institutes, and did much to give the seamen well-deserved comfort.

During the present war the Government have also taken a hand, and have set up several excellent Merchant Navy clubs, where good food, accommodation, and recreational facilities have been made available for the man wearing the M N badge.

Now further steps towards his comfort have been proposed in a Committee's report on the future of seamen's welfare. If the Government adopt this report and carry its suggestions into effect, a new and splendid chapter in the story of the Red Ensign will open.

The chief recommendation is that in future the Shipping Industry should look after its own welfare work, providing and maintaining its own clubs, hostels, recreational, and other facilities. In other words, seamen shall be self-dependent.

Looking After Themselves

Yet the splendid work in the past, done by voluntary bodies with funds raised by the public, is not to be forgotten, and these bodies are invited to serve on a Council which will assist the Shipping Industry to run its welfare. When one considers that from 1940 to 1943 nearly £5,000,000 was expended on seamen's welfare by voluntary organisation, such an invitation is obviously desirable.

The new control of welfare will cost money, however, and this money, like the control, is to come from seafarers themselves. A scheme something like the National Health Insurance plan is proposed. By this, every seaman will contribute not more than threepence per week, and every shipowner-employer will add another threepence to it.

Small as this sum may appear, its total amount will go far, not only to keep up the standard of accommodation and amenities at present enjoyed by seamen ashore, but also to extend and even improve such comforts.

There can be little doubt that when the time comes for Parliament to give its decision, the committee's proposals, or something very much like them, will be supported. For the British Merchant Navy man has fully earned the best which "welfare" can give him.

BEFORE THE ABORIGINE

DRAWINGS found on a rockface in a gorge in Flinders Range, South Australia, are probably the work of an extinct race of human beings.

The drawings were found by a well-known Australian anthropologist, Mr C. P. Mountford, and his daughter. They were, he said, a scientific discovery, and the more he saw of them and of similar drawings the more convinced he was that they were the work of a race which had existed before the Aborigines. When he had looked at similar drawings in Central Australia the natives had told him that they had not been done by any living man but by the "creators of the world."

THE EPIC OF CORREGIDOR

AMERICANS fighting in the Philippines today are proving that their comrades who died there three years ago gave not their lives in vain. Their heroic defence of Corregidor was one of the greatest epics of American history.

This famous name belongs to a small island fortress, about five miles long and one and a half wide, which lies at the entrance to Manila Bay. Manila, capital of the Philippines, now won back by General MacArthur, stands in a deep bay made almost land-locked by an arm of land stretching round it. That arm of land is called the Bataan Peninsula and out in the channel four miles from its tip lies Corregidor. Here for over four months at the beginning of 1942 a small force of Americans held out under a continuous bombardment.

A force of 200,000 Japanese had landed in the Philippines in December, 1941, and advanced towards Manila against much smaller American forces. For the U.S., like Britain, is a peace-loving nation, and was not sufficiently prepared against the treacherous Japanese attack. Chivalrously the Americans decided not to submit the beautiful old town of Manila to destruction by war and declared it an open city. This made no impression on their mean and cruel enemies, and in the words of General MacArthur, who was then commanding the American forces, "there were repeated savage and senseless attacks on Manila by Japanese aircraft." The enemy particularly singled out the lovely old churches and smashed them to smouldering ruins.

On January 2, the American forces withdrew to that arm of land, the Bataan Peninsula, and to the island fort of Corregidor. Then the ordeal of this comparatively small army of defenders on the peninsula of Bataan beat off continual enemy attacks. Those on the little island of Corregidor were subjected to ceaseless bombing and shelling. General MacArthur, who by March 17 had become world-renowned as "the hero of Bataan," was promoted to the command of all the forces in the South-West Pacific, and the American General Wainwright took over the command of the beleaguered position at Bataan and Corregidor. Meanwhile, the Japanese commander, General Homma, had become so exasperated at not being able to overcome the Americans' resistance that he committed suicide, and General Yamashita took his place.

On April 2 the Japanese began an all-out attack with 200,000 men and many tanks and guns on the dwindling number of Americans holding the lines across the Bataan Peninsula. For seven days the heroic Americans, exhausted by perpetual fighting and short rations, threw back attack after attack until on April 9 they were overwhelmed and the Japanese gained the whole of the peninsula.

But the Stars and Stripes was still flying over Corregidor. The full fury of the Japanese descended on its small band of dauntless defenders. Bombs and shells poured into the fort from all directions. Yet the garrison continued to hit back. With their guns they sank Japanese ships venturing into the bay, destroyed tank and lorry columns on the shore, broke bridges the Japanese needed, hit and blew up enemy ammunition dumps, even silenced batteries on the mainland.

For another month they held out. At last on May 6 the Japanese hurled on to this devoted company of heroes a terrific barrage of bombs and shells that tore up the barbed wire defences, wiped out machine-gun posts and other centres of resistance, and then landed on Corregidor and captured it.

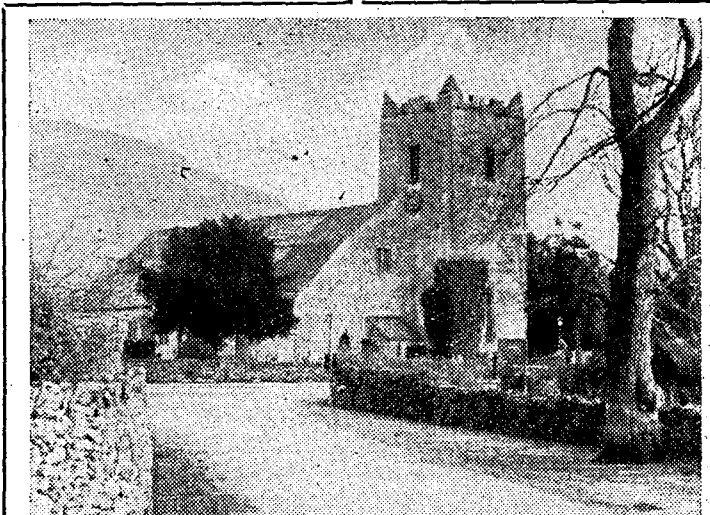
And now Old Glory is floating once more over the sunny islands of the Philippines it is a fitting time not only for Americans, but for lovers of Freedom everywhere, to salute the memory of those who fell in her Cause at Corregidor.

A New Curative Drug

THE wonders of science never cease. A new drug, Hypholin, has been discovered which has been successful in the treatment and cure of meningitis, pneumonia, impetigo (a skin disease), certain throat infections, and several other complaints.

Hypholin is made from the mould which produces penicillin, at present allocated almost exclusively to the Forces; but the new remedy will be available for civilian use.

For most of the ills of mankind there is a remedy, either found or waiting to be found.



THIS ENGLAND The church at Grasmere in Westmorland, where the poet Wordsworth lies

The Polytechnic Man

A SCHOOL MAKES HISTORY

IN Portland Place, London, stands a splendid bronze, sculptured by Sir George Frampton, of Quintin Hogg reading to two boys. Doubtless even more attention than usual will be focused on the group this week, for on February 14 falls the 100th anniversary of the birth of the incomparable "Q. H."

Few men have deserved better of their country, for Quintin Hogg's 58 years were an unbroken crusade, the crusade of one of the finest types of muscular Christianity, with a mission as practical as it was lofty and disinterested. The fourteenth of the sixteen children of Sir J. W. Hogg, Irish-born of Scots descent, who made a fortune in legal practice in India, and of his devoutly pious North of England wife, the boy inherited the dash and humour of his father and the steadfast earnestness of his mother.

Eton made him a young Christian knight-errant, but it also made him a fine athlete, famous as a soccer footballer, as an exponent of which he last played in a match in 1902, so that he might, as he said, "complete his 50 years of footer." At 18 Hogg entered business, to become in time senior partner of a firm with rich sugar-growing properties in Demerara, which he often visited.

With his friend, Lord Kinaird, another peerless footballer, and other kindred spirits, Quintin Hogg devoted himself with ardour to the cause of the "down and out"—of London's street arabs, ragged, unclean, unlettered, criminal. He invited them to his father's palatial house, and, following his marriage, to his own; and often he would fill his father's stately carriage with his young rapscallions and drive them around in glory. But his serious purpose

was to get them into schools and societies of avowed religious purpose and set them on the road to good citizenship.

But the crown of his noble and beneficent career was the Polytechnic Institute. There had for years been a Royal Polytechnic, devoted mainly to scientific exhibitions, one of its most startling exhibits being a diving-bell. This Polytechnic finally closed its doors in 1881, and Hogg paying £15,000 for the lease of the building, remodelled it. In all, his work for others cost him £100,000.

The Poly became his absorbing interest. Thousands of young people flocked to him and his unique scheme of intellectual, moral, and physical betterment. Here, with admirable class-rooms and laboratories, were formed 600 classes, teaching over 100 subjects, befitting their students for careers in as many callings, with a stress on social and national service. As to athletics, the Polytechnic has long been famous in every aspect of physical endeavour.

The Polytechnic became an unqualified success, and the LCC and other official bodies, recognising its worth, augmented its funds. But its founder at last overtaxed his strength, and on January 17, 1903, in the building he had made world-famous, the heart that had laboured so passionately for noble causes flagged and ceased to beat. Quintin Hogg passed away in the temple of his own creating.

BEDTIME CORNER

Playtime For Pickles

PICKLES trotted into the garden, his coat gleaming in the winter sun. He had just been bathed, a process which he simply hated.

The postman had left the gate ajar, and Pickles



squeezed his small fat body through the opening.

Outside sat Nigger, the cat next door, washing her face.

"Good morning, Nigger," barked the puppy, making a playful run towards her.

Nigger, who did not like dogs, arched her back and spat fiercely. Pickles backed away in alarm.

"Cross old thing," he muttered as he ran off down the lane.

By the side of the ditch sat a large frog. It stared at Pickles with its big yellow

eyes. The puppy had not seen a frog before, so he went closer and sniffed.

The frog gave a croak, and with a huge jump, vanished into the long grass.

Thoroughly startled, Pickles scrambled through the hedge into a field where some boys were playing around a muddy pond. They greeted Pickles with shouts of joy.

The next hour was a happy one for all. The boys threw sticks into the pond, and Pickles obligingly fetched them out, and only the arrival of dinnertime brought an end to this splendid game.

When the boys ran off, Pickles started for home. He felt uneasy, for his coat was wet and muddy. In an attempt to dry himself, he rolled in a heap of dead leaves, which only made him dirtier than ever.

Reaching the garden gate, he hesitated.

But the front door opened and a small girl appeared.

"Pickles!" she cried. "Oh, you bad dog, now I shall have to bath you all over again."

"Oh dear," groaned the puppy dismally, "two baths in one day!"

Then he remembered the lovely morning he'd had.

"It was worth it," he thought and wagged his tail furiously.

The Twin Suns of the Goat Star

THE grand constellation of Auriga, with Capella the famous Goat Star, is now almost directly overhead between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening, writes the C N Astronomer.

Auriga may be readily recognised from the star-map. The constellation is of great antiquity and dates from the time of the early Chaldeans, probably close upon 10,000 years ago; it represents a kind of Shepherd with a Goat and a pair of Kids in his arms and driving them, as if in a wagon. Auriga is, therefore, generally described as a Wagoner, and less correctly as a Charioteer. His character is, however, that of a Shepherd, Capella representing

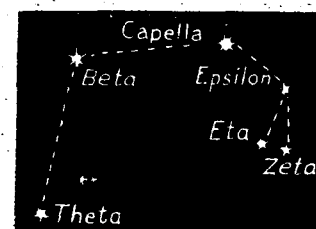
so valuable in stellar measurements.

One of these great suns composing Capella is about four times more massive than our Sun, and the other is rather more than 3½ times more massive; they revolve in their orbits, as round a central pivot between them, in 104 days. But the larger sun has the smaller orbit and travels, at the average rate of 23 miles a second, while the other has to speed at 29 miles a second to complete the longer journey in the 104 days.

These suns of Capella are known to possess at least two lesser suns, somewhat resembling two flaming planets; these are at a distance from Capella's twin suns of about 1,069,500 million miles—that is, over 380 times farther than Neptune is from our Sun. From this we see on how vast a scale is this solar system of Capella, the two lesser suns, also, averaging 3,441,000,000 miles apart as compared with Neptune's distance of 2,793,500,000 miles from our Sun.

The stars representing the imaginary Kids of the ancients are more particularly Eta and Zeta, though it is usual to include Epsilon. All are much greater suns than those of Capella, and they are far more distant. Epsilon at a distance of about 325 light-years radiates some 300 times more light and heat than our Sun, but Epsilon periodically blazes up at intervals of about 27 years, when it radiates about twice as much light and heat.

Eta, at a distance of 250 light-years, radiates about 252 times more light than our Sun, and from this we can form some idea of its immensity. But it is Zeta, which appears to be over a thousand-light-years distant, that provides so much interest for astronomers. For, like Capella, Zeta is composed of two suns, both of which are giants. The central one has a diameter of about 175 million miles while the other, a much hotter and more brilliant sun which revolves round it at a distance averaging 367 million miles, has a diameter of about 10 million miles. G.F.M.



The Chief Stars of Auriga

the Goat and the triangle of three third-magnitude stars, Eta, Epsilon and Zeta, representing the two Kids.

The brilliant Capella, whose name means the She-goat, is actually composed of two suns, so immense that they radiate about 150 times more light and heat than does our Sun, though they are of a similar type and surface temperature. But they are about 2,790,000 times farther away, their light taking 44 years to reach us. These great suns average about 79 million miles apart, and revolve round a common centre of gravity.

Owing to the very great distance of Capella the 79 million-mile space between these two suns could not be perceived, even through the most powerful telescope. It was noticed, however, that the telescopic star-disc often appeared elongated; and when the famous interferometer appliance of extending mirrors was added to the great telescope at Mount Wilson, and then directed to Capella, the two suns were revealed, and their distance apart could be calculated. Spectroscopic methods confirmed this, the first interferometer measurement which has proved

Food Cavalcade

The English at Table, by John Hampson (Collins, 4s 6d).

IF our tables today will not bear comparison with the "groaning boards" of less than six years ago we are, nevertheless, more food-conscious than in 1939. And for that reason this book (one of the popular Britain in Pictures series) will appeal to many people whose normal interest in food is confined to the eating thereof.

The author tells us of the likes and dislikes of the Druids and the Romans in Britain, and brings us along through the centuries with their changing fashions in food and drink. For instance, the Saxons were great beef eaters and rich thanes ate four times a day; but the Saxons thought the Normans were mean because, being dainty feeders, they ate but twice a day, and princes provided only one meal a day at Court. By the time of Henry the Eighth we had the reputation abroad of being the world's champion meat eaters. In justification of this, an English traveller abroad gave as one reason that we had "such vast quantities of flesh, fish, and fowl, which, if we failed to devour, would rise and consume us."

After reading of the lavish fare of other periods it comes as something of a shock to be reminded of our own days of rationing. But recently published statistics show that we are a healthier nation, so we can withstand the shock.

The English at Table has many splendid illustrations, eight being full-page plates in colour.

A Man of Kandahar

Colour-Sergeant P. D. Anderson, of the Gordon Highlanders, who took part in the famous march to Kandahar in 1880, has died in Scotland at the age of 94.

The Cyclists' Champion

SECRETARY of the Cyclists' Touring Club for the past 25 years, George Herbert Stancer has retired at the age of 66. But the millions of cyclists in this country are not losing him.

He will still go cycling along, fighting for the rights of cyclists. The membership of the CTC does not run into millions, but it is nearly forty thousand, and that is an indication of the fighting spirit of G.H.S. For cyclists, like pedestrians, and to some extent motorists, all too easily take for granted the championship of their interests.

This bright little man with the white moustache, who has ridden a "bike" for half a century, is a fierce champion, with whose opinions not all of us might agree. For it has never been his way to admit that anything cyclists did was unreasonable.

Naturally, no member of the CTC "rides amiss"; at least we hope and think not. But Stancer has always been ready to take up the cudgels for all cyclists, for he has maintained throughout his secretaryship that their rights have been steadily and persistently encroached upon through the years.

Few cyclists ever gave a thought to their keen and watchful defender; but G.H.S. did not mind: he just fought on. Now that the pleasant Bayswater home of the CTC is closing down, London will lose a house and a man of character, not to mention the little museum of old-time "bikes" and "trikes" which used to be well worth a visit. We feel, all the same, that G.H.S. is likely to wield the same ready pen for a long time yet in defence of the cyclist.

NORWAY'S FAR-NORTH ALLY

THE Germans still occupy most of Norway, but sturdy young Norwegians, many of them trained in airborne, commando, and sabotage units in Scotland, are making their stay there as unpleasant as possible, while in the far north, where part of Finland has been freed, Norwegian ski-patrols are using reindeer to help in the round-up of scattered German units.

The fighting in occupied Norway consists largely of attacks on the railway which carries the bulk of Nazi traffic between Trondheim and the North. But in Finland it is a different story. In this bleak Lapp province of Norway there are in hiding parties of Germans left behind by General Rendulic when he moved out with the bulk of his forces after Finland gave in. Now the Norwegians, who were till recently their hapless victims, are after them, and reindeer provide ideal transport for the patrols and their equipment. The Germans could not make the Lapps drive their reindeer herds down to the coast, so there are 40,000 of these useful animals available.

The reindeer, or caribou, is found in many far-northern areas of Europe, Asia, and America, and the wild reindeer of Lapland is almost as big as a stag. No kind of deer is more useful to man, for it is a draught-animal, its hide provides clothing, its flesh provides food, and even its milk is useful. The Lapps of the immense area of Norwegian Finland could not live without the reindeer, for Norway has never been able to develop this barren province.



"Won't there be searchlights?"...

She has never known a world without searchlights. Growing up in the greatest war of all time, she does not even know what peace was like.

You are anxious to ensure that once this war is over, she makes up for the loss of so much childhood joy. You will look to her health first and make sure that 'Milk of Magnesia' is your standby — never absent from the medicine cabinet.

In the happier days ahead, as now, 'Milk of Magnesia' will keep her fit and free from stomach troubles.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

In the neighbouring Lapland, which belongs to Sweden, however, the brilliant development within the past ten years of immense resources in water-power has enabled the Swedes to transform an Arctic desert into a busy and flourishing industrial province, with towns well-warmed and well-lighted, and ever-increasing activities of all kinds.

Narvik itself, that port of Northern Norway which made so much heroic history in the early stages of the war, was furnished with electric power from the underground power-station in Swedish Lapland, where the river waters were trapped and tamed in the heart of Sweden's Polar iron mountains.

With the industrialisation of Swedish Lapland, however, the once-essential reindeer lost their importance. Modern civilisation has swept over them and the Lapps who tend them, just as it has engulfed the American Indians of the North and the Polar races of Siberia, who also had their great herds of caribou and reindeer. So it seems likely that these fine and useful animals, masterless and perhaps driven farther away by the march of man's progress, may all become wild again. But in Finland today they are proving a useful ally in ridding this part of Norway of the Nazi pest.

Far From the Old Folks at Home

IN the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral, for the first time in history, "spirituals" have been sung. A chorus of American Negro Servicemen sang them.

A grand concert was given in London's Albert Hall, not long after the first American contingents came over here, by a greater Negro soldier-chorus. And how they loved it—as much as their packed audience! For the Negro, everywhere, sings when he is happy, and is happy when he sings; and that is not a bad recipe for heart's content.

These Negro "spirituals" are true folk-music, the alliance of simple Bible-themes and stories with the African's native melody and rhythm. Stephen Collins Foster, the young Ohio clerk who died just 80 years ago, famous on both sides of the Atlantic, first introduced the English-speaking world to the beauty of Negro melodies by his settings of words and music inspired by them. But he did not tell the whole story. The Old Folks At Home and

MORE AID FOR OUR COLONIES

THE development of our colonies, of which we have often written, has been carried a stage further by the introduction in the House of Commons of a new Bill, under which the Government propose to provide £120,000,000 for development schemes and welfare work in our colonial empire during the ten years beginning on April 1, 1946.

This more than doubles the financial allowance in the Act of 1940, for the maximum

Brighter Days For China

ONLY a little while back the war news from China was grave indeed. Now it has taken a turn for the better. First came Admiral Mountbatten's report to Mr Churchill that he had at last reopened the Burma Road. Now Mr Roosevelt's representative in Chungking, in a report which has lately reached Washington, says that for the first time China has been able to co-ordinate her economic war effort, and is throwing her weight into winning the war.

This means, as he says, great things for the future. If China can indeed, with help from the Allies, replace Japan as the first industrial nation of the Orient, it opens up the prospect of happiness and prosperity. For, unlike Japan, China is a non-militant trading nation. Japan closed her doors to the outside world from Elizabeth's day to the middle years of Victoria, and in that period foreign trade was unknown. Then came the "Meiji" years of reform, when trade and rearmament on modern lines marched hand in hand, with military ambitions always making the dark background.

China also looked with disfavour on Western ideas, and for an even longer period. But she never closed her doors to outside commerce, for the Chinese are a nation of traders. In China it was not the soldier but the merchant who was regarded as the creative force in the national life, and there have never been aims of military conquest behind the industrial and commercial life of the Chinese.

CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS

By the C N Correspondent in America

ONE of the most fascinating institutions in Los Angeles is a "church of all nations" in which men and women of varied nations worship and work.

This was founded in 1917 by Bishop Bromley Oxnam, today one of the foremost leaders of the American Methodist Church. His ideal was a church and a centre where people of this vast city's varied nationalities might gather without any barriers of race. He believed that this could only be done in a Christian setting.

There are Mexicans, Chinese, Greeks, Serbs, Negroes, American Indians, and Jews in the church membership. A full-blooded American Indian is a sidesman, and he brings his seven children.

Attached to the church is a medical centre which looks after the health of thousands in the thickly populated neighbourhood. There is a kindergarten, a girls' club and a boys' club, a library and a summer camp.

Twenty-five doctors and dentists give their services to the All-Nations' Clinic and help 4175 patients. Over 500 boys who run the streets of this one-time wealthy residential section of Los Angeles are members of the club. In summer these boys go up into the Californian Hills to Big Pines Camp, where for a dollar a day they have a first-rate holiday.

One Sunday afternoon on my way to the Church of All

Nations, I strolled through a section known as Little Tokyo before Japanese were transferred to relocation camps. In tiny houses nestled behind palm trees, people of many races lolled around, many of them speaking in foreign languages. Some of the boys wore the "zoot suits" that have received widespread newspaper notice. Overworked mothers, haggard and hopeless, shouted raucously at small children about the house. Men idling the day away were gathered at the corner bar.

In contrast with the neighbourhood was the peaceful yet vigorous atmosphere of the Church of All Nations. The small chapel was conducive to worship. Enchanting to the ear was the recreational singing of young folks who preferred to spend their Sunday afternoons there to wandering through the East side.

The All-Nations' Church and Centre is one of America's finest attempts to solve the intricate difficulties arising from the groups of varying nationalities living in the same district. It is a problem present in large or small degree in every American city. On a national scale it is perhaps the most important problem of the United States itself.

"That's all for to-night, Children"

What energy they've used during the day—and now its bedtime. A few quiet moments planning for tomorrow —then a cup of OXO and off to bed.



Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF



Jacko Loses the Toss



It was Pancake Day and Mother Jacko was busy in the kitchen, while her young hopeful was standing by the table anxiously waiting for a chance to toss the first pancake. Mother Jacko had to go out to fetch some more flour, and as soon as her back was turned Jacko took the pan and tossed a pancake up into the air. All might have gone well had not Bouncer decided that he also fancied a pancake. Jumping up into the air, he caught it in his mouth and scampered off, with Jacko in full pursuit, frying pan and all.

A NEW CLASS

"THE lightest men come from Ireland," said Pat. "For we have men of Cork."

"Oh, no!" protested the Scotsman. "We have men of Ayr."

"But England has lightermen," said the Englishman, thinking of the bargees.

"And who are they?" cried the other two.

"Oh—er—England's hydro-gentlemen," stammered the Englishman, remembering Buxton and Harrogate just in time.

What the Trees Give Us

THE Beech gives us chairs, bedsteads, and turned goods.

The wood lasts well under water, and is used in mills, weirs, and sluices. It also makes excellent fuel and charcoal.

The bark sometimes takes the place of oak-bark in tanning, and the raspings of the wood are used in making vinegar.

The mast or fruit is given to pigs for food.

HIDDEN BIRDS

In the following verse the names of ten well-known birds are concealed:

WHEN Gladys wanted something she

Would brook no hedges, large or wee.

She did not seem to want to settle,

While danger put her on her mettle.

Now prowling here, then probing there,

Or forthwith rushing everywhere.

The girl was always at it. Yes,

Our pastor knew her restlessness.

With awkward gestures she would say:

"I must be off. I cannot stay."

Answer next week

Just So

A MAN was offered a bribe to do something which he thought wrong.

"What ever made you refuse such a large sum of money?" asked a man he knew. "I should certainly have taken it if I had been you."

"And undoubtedly so should I, if I had been you," was the reply.

The BRAN TUB

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Toad or Frog? "Find me a toad for the garden, Don," said Farmer Gray. "and I will give you a young rabbit."

Eagerly, Don began to search, and was soon claiming his prize.

"Not so fast," chuckled the farmer. "This is a frog, quite a different creature. A toad's skin is much duller than a frog's, and is covered with tiny warts or pimples. A frog is livelier and gives huge leaps; a toad usually crawls and gives only an occasional hop."

"Toads often live to a great age, and can exist without food or drink for a long time if necessary."

Don succeeded next time.

Other Worlds

IN the morning Jupiter is in the south-west. In the evening Venus is in the south-west.

Uranus and Saturn are in the south, and Jupiter is low in the east.

The picture shows the Moon as it

may be seen at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday, February 18.

A BRIGHT IDEA

A MONKEY whose notions were new,

Once stiffened his tail with some glue.

"It has long been my wish,"

He explained: "To catch fish, And I think for a rod this should do!"

The Useful Zebu

THE Indian Ox, known to us as the Zebu, differs from the Common Ox in many ways, but chiefly because of a large hump on its shoulders, which may, if the animal is well fed, weigh as much as 50 lbs.

It is a gentle creature, easily managed, and does much useful work.

The many different breeds vary greatly in size, some being bigger than the European oxen, while the smallest are not much larger than a big dog.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC programmes for Wednesday, February 14, to Tuesday, February 20.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Young Artists. 5.35 Around the Countryside, a discussion between William Aspin and two young friends. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Larry the Plumber, another Toytown adventure. 5.50 From America—Ballads, Folk-Songs, and a Dulcimer, by John Jacob Niles.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Worzel Gummidge and Saucy Nancy, a new dialogue story by Barbara Euphan Todd. Part I—Half a Lady.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Matilda Mouse

meets Tammy Troot, when Wilfred Pickles in Manchester and Willie Joss in Glasgow, are linked by radio. 5.30 (approx) Choral Exchange, between Bellshill Academy Girls Choir and the Kensington Junior Choir, Blackpool.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Garibaldi, a play by L du Garde Peach, in the series Famous Men and Women.

MONDAY, 5.20 Jack in the Bean Box, a story by Ada Harrison, told by Mac; followed by some favourite gramophone records. 5.40 (approx) Down North, the last of Tony Onraet's Canadian adventure tales.

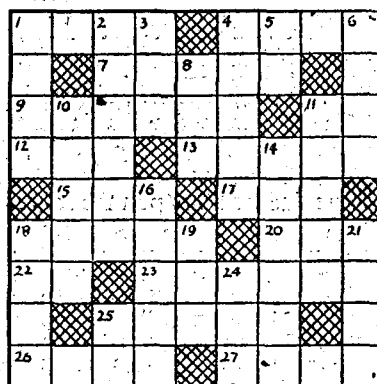
TUESDAY, 5.30 Country Magazine, from Scotland.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Sparse. 4 A wind-catcher. 7 Upright. 9 One who carries a message. 11 Bachelor of Arts (abbr). 12 The ultimate point. 13 Clear. 15 Afternoon meal. 17 Representation of a country on paper. 18 Pithy. 20 Fresh. 22 A conjunction. 23 Ostentation. 25 He was formerly called Simon. 26 To rest as for support. 27 One who colours materials.

Reading Down. 1 A kind of gown. 2 One who studies. 3 To stray. 4 A mêlée in rugby. 5 A preposition. 6 A burden. 8 A snake-like fish. 10 To penetrate. 11 A two-footed animal. 14 A caged songster. 16 A poplar with trembling leaves. 18 Labour. 19 To devour. 21 A kind of dam. 24 A warm colour. 25 Father.

Answer next week



MENTAL ARITHMETIC

DIVIDE 45 into four parts so that if two be added to the first, two subtracted from the second, the third multiplied by two, and the fourth divided by two, the result will be the same in all four cases.

Answer next week

Naming Nations

THE word Holland is derived from Ollant, the old Danish name for the country.

It means, very appropriately, marshy ground.

Slippery to Say

SEEDY Sukey's seeking suiting suitable for a shooting suit.

A NEW ROCK

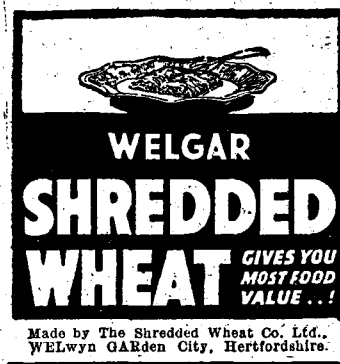
THE professor went through the specimens of rock on his desk, describing each one as he picked it up. "This is a piece of sandstone, this a piece of granite," and so on, until holding up a bit of old brick slipped in by one of the students while his back was turned, he said, "And this is a piece of impudence."

FORWARD
TO
VICTORY!



and
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